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WEEK BY WEEK

The Skeleton should be given an Airing

THE crisis facing British life and obscured by much that is irrelevant in the present electioneering is plain enough—it is mass unemployment. That can sweep upon the country as rapidly and as dramatically as the shut-down of industry in the fuel crisis of 1947. Within a fortnight in that year much of British industry had to close down because there was no fuel to keep it going. Britain is dependent upon imports; she is dependent upon imports from the dollar area; if, for any reason, they suddenly ceased then a great deal of British industry would as suddenly have to close down. No one knows yet where those imports are coming from after the year 1952, when Marshall aid ceases. If, for any reason, dollar imports had to be severely restricted between now and 1952, that too would create unemployment. This is the crisis that is overhanging British industry, and it has not been resolved yet. It is not altogether a British problem, America has much to do with it, and so have those countries to whom we are sending unrequited exports, but nevertheless nobody else is likely to solve it for us. Amidst all the soothing words of political manifestos that is the skeleton hidden in the background, and somebody at some time or other will have to drag the skeleton out, rattle its bones and have done with the thing; for until it is laid aside there can be little real security for the country.

An Election of International Importance

It is a matter of supreme international importance. Even mass unemployment is not likely to lay this country out. Life would go on somehow. Mass unemployment would simply adjust the standard of life to the amount of goods actually produced—adjusting it, of course, by the most cruel and brutal means of the unequal distribution of privation. But life would go on. However, it can easily be imagined what Communist propaganda would make of it all. It would confirm the international Communists in their supposed scientific estimation of the stresses in capitalist industry. They would wait more certainly—and work more eagerly, internationally—for the breakdown of democratic society. They would make effective use in Asia, in propaganda, of the breakdown of British industry. Mass unemployment, barely sustained by Britain in the 'thirties, would be a terrible international disaster in the 'fifties. Britain is still one of the linchpins of international recovery; she is still in very truth a world power; anything that desperately weakened her would have international complications. One wonders to what extent that truth is percolating to the public, here and abroad, through all the speeches of this election.

The Virtues of Name-Throwing

There is a demand in some quarters for a coalition government to meet the crisis. But this is entirely unrealistic. An independent point of view—which naturally is very much out of place in the midst of a General Election!—can still see in the technique of party government the actual functioning of a semi-coalition system. The party in power governs according to its lights; the party in opposition opposes for all it is worth; and the resulting legislation is not so very different from that which would come from a coalition government—and the parties still maintain their own verve and organisation. British politics are all the more vital for it. Again, there is a limit to what sensible men can do when in power. (Another heretical point of view in a General Election!) British politicians do not line up with all sweetness, light and wisdom on one side and all darkness, malignity and ignorance on the other. British public life after all throws up sensible men to conduct public affairs. In the great contest of a General Election, true to the culture of a nation that gave football to the world, and turns summer into a dramatic contest between various sides in the esoteric game of cricket, the sensible men engage in drama. It is not possible to have drama without conflict, and not possible to have conflict without name-throwing. So the name-throwing becomes a part of the drama of the election; passion and interest are flung into mundane affairs; and individual lives are stirred to interest in matters that profoundly concern them yet ordinarily they would perhaps ignore. It must even be assumed that the sensible men are aware of the skeleton in the background, and although they don't talk about it, are prepared—it is hoped—to give it an airing and a rattle for the sake of the common weal.

At least there is one virtue about a democratic election. All the world knows—if the world is interested—what is taking place. There is no repression and no underground movements. And there are no knives hidden in the name-throwing. A democratic election is the civilised act of civilised men.

Christian Agnosticism

The extraordinary agnosticism of much traditional Christianity about the historic Jesus—that is the Jesus who lived and taught in Palestine two thousand years ago—is emphasised in an article contributed by *The Times* theological correspondent to that paper last Saturday. The article was on the theme of the "Damascus Road"—on Paul's conversion. We quote as follows:—

> Under Providence, St. Paul's conversion reset the course that would be followed by western civilisation for a thousand years. It is to what happened on the Damascus road that Europe owes that Christian inheritance which it is now in danger of throwing away. Nobody at the time could have predicted that the faith of an insignificant minority would endure while Eternal Rome would perish.

According to this, it was not the life of Jesus at all that determined "the course that would be followed by Western civilisation for a thousand years", it was literally a miraculous event that occurred to Paul on the road to Damascus. What can be made of such an assertion? It is to be supposed that the whole of Western civilisation was dependent upon a miracle that happened to one man in Palestine. The conception of God hidden in this supposition belongs to a cosmology and an estimation of civilisation that died centuries ago. But

this apart. The writer of the article no doubt believes in the Divinity of Christ and all the traditional theology attached to it, and yet he asserts that this would have meant nothing were it not for the conversion of Paul. The Christ mysticism of much traditional Christianity sometimes loses all touch with reality. And one can be astonished that the "earthly life" of Jesus on occasion counts so little in this traditional outlook.

THE PROBLEM OF GOOD AND EVIL

By Irene R. Ray

(*Mrs. Irene Ray is an Englishwoman living in Calcutta.*)

TO REJECT what is mere belief, and to search fearlessly for what *is*, is a very healthy attitude, particularly in the realm of religion and things spiritual. This attitude is, I believe, one of the leading characteristics of this age. Today it marks not only the scholar and the specialist, not only the man who consciously rejects orthodoxy, it is there, too, in the common man who today prefers to say, "I do not know", rather than accept blindly that which does not satisfy his reason.

What is the source of Evil? A bold question, this, for it brings us face to face with Existence itself. We want to *know*—not guess, not believe, not imagine, but *know*. Nothing less will satisfy us. We must *know*. We must know the world *as it really is*, not as it *seems* to be. That things are not what they seem is a truth we have learned. The earth seems flat, but it is round. We have proved that so we are satisfied. We have also proved facts of a more subtle kind. We have observed how a mood can colour a scene. A wet pavement in the lamplight on a day when "everything has gone wrong" is not the same wet pavement on the day we hear good news. Moreover, not merely a mood but the whole character of the mind projects its own condition on to its surroundings. We are all familiar with the subtleties of this phenomenon, and he who would know the world as it really is must begin here; for without the recognition of this fact the task is obviously hopeless.

There is another fact we can observe which will help us. "Everything has its snag", we say. It is a great advantage to live in a quiet place away from the noise of buses and trams. But when the time comes to make a journey this very advantage becomes a hindrance—that is the snag. It is the same factor which produces both the advantage and the snag. A little thought will convince us that this is true in innumerable ways, in big things as well as in small things. The snag and the advantage are but two different aspects of the same thing. When do we call a thing good? When the advantage outweighs the snag. And when the snag outweighs the advantage, we call it evil. In most situations we find that the scales are tipped very heavily on one side or the other. Either the snag or the advantage may be so very small as to be almost imperceptible. It is this common fact which has made it very difficult for us to see Good and Evil in their true relationship. We, mostly, regard Evil as in some way independent of Good—that is why the Devil was necessary. And we are quite sure that Good is only that which is without Evil. But are we sure? Do we *know*, or do we only think so? Are we being led astray by what things *seem* to be? Careful thought and analysis will convince us that Good and Evil are not two separate entities and that to regard them as such is an error not unlike the error of our forefathers who regarded the earth as flat.

Evil may thus be said to be "good seen from a different angle". What is good for one is evil for another. Is it not just this fact which produces all the wrangling in the world, from individual wrangling to international? And yet this is a law of life from which we cannot escape. Even in order to eat and breathe we do injury to others, human and subhuman. To do good to ourselves we do evil to others, we cannot avoid it. Evil is thus but the shadow of Good. We would not know what misery is if we did not know happiness, as we would not know cold if we did not know heat.

How important it is to understand this great fact, the true relationship between Good and Evil. Some there are who spend their whole lives in a noble and self-sacrificing effort to reform the world, to eliminate evil, to hasten the time when evil will be entirely eliminated from the world. And in the end they die, embittered and frustrated because, for all their efforts, evil continues. If some evils are eliminated others arise to take their place. Compare the evils we know today in modern civilisation with those that existed for the cave man. The modern man has a greater amount of good, no doubt, luxuries and comforts and freedom from the daily dangers experienced by primitive man. Refinement of taste and habits has enabled him to enjoy subtler pleasures—poetry and the arts. Thus has good increased in the world. But has evil, then, decreased? Not at all. Great are the evils which confront us today which the cave man did not know. And as the good we know is more subtle, so is the evil. The cave man's suffering was more physical than mental. Today there is more mental suffering than physical.

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And what of man himself? Unending is the debate whether man's nature is good or evil. And yet serious thought will reveal that here, too, in the world of thought, in the world of morality and ethics, the same law may be demonstrated. Good and Evil are not two separate entities. There is no evil act which has not some element of good, and there is no good act which has not some some element of evil. It is a difference in degree and not in kind; and the difference between a good action and a bad one is a subtle difference not a manifest one. An action must be assessed according to its results. That action which produces more good results than evil is a good action; that action which produces more evil results than good is an evil action. This may be illustrated in the well-known teaching of Gandhiji—"violence is better than cowardice". Non-violence which does not spring from high spiritual status is not non-violence, but cowardice. In the absence of true non-violence, violence will strengthen the mind whereas cowardice will weaken it.

To see Good and Evil as interrelated enables us to face evils unflinchingly. How skilfully we ignore whatever does not seem to fit in with our concept of good. Do we ever consider what suffering Jesus caused his mother? Dare we criticise the Buddha for deserting his young wife and babe? Flood, fire and earthquake we call "Acts of God"—but do we really attribute them to Him? We do not. To do so does not satisfy us and so we revolve them again and again in our minds as insoluble problems. It is only when we begin to see the world as it really is that we find that they are not insoluble problems. Water, fire and earth have good aspects and evil aspects. Good on the one hand, and evil on the other, arise out of the very nature of these elements.

Good and Evil being thus interrelated, the origin of the one cannot be traced independently of the other. If we want to explain Evil we must also explain Good. It is not enough to live our lives, as we do, hoping against hope that "all will come right in the end". That all things work together for good is a firm belief in most people, and one that has sure foundations, for it expresses the infinite nature of man's soul. But if it is a mere belief, or a pious hope, of what value is it? It will not sustain us in the time of greatest need. Therefore must we go deeper into the nature of things. To see the world as it really is and to understand Good and Evil, we must be prepared to go beyond both Good and Evil into that region from whence they both come. The study of the sciences, the study of the arts, even the study of the mind, does not suffice.

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Man's search is for the universal. He seeks for that which is real and unchanging, for that which is always true. "As through the knowledge of one lump of clay", says the *Upanishads*, "all that is of clay is known, so, what is that, by knowing which, this whole universe itself will be known?" To understand life we must study life itself, not the manifestations of life. And nowhere can man approach life more directly than in his own soul. Why does man seek an ideal at all? Why does he endeavour to "hold fast to that which is good"? Why does he struggle so to overcome evil? Because it is his nature to do so. Why else? His ideal is within him all the time and he must express it. Life has no other meaning than this. It is sympathy, the feeling of oneness one with another, that compels man to do good. He must

express his underlying unity with all life, indeed, with the whole universe. In the words of the *Upanishads:*

> He who in this world of evanescence finds Him who never changes,
> He who in this universe of death finds that One Life,
> He who in this manifold finds that Oneness,
> And all those who realize Him as the soul of their souls,
> To them belongs eternal peace;
> Unto none else, unto none else.

To remain consciously identified with "that One Life" which is the basis of the universe is the goal of spiritual life. The goal is also the way, and the secret of spiritual endeavour is to live in that consciousness unaffected by either Good or Evil.

A NORTHERN DIARY

By "Northern Candle"

"DOES hanging prevent murder? It is an answer to that question which many people would like from the Royal Commission that is at present sitting on Capital Punishment. If hanging is a real deterrent, then many people would have to give a reluctant assent to its retention in the law of the country." So reads a paragraph in the "Week by Week" columns of THE INQUIRER of January 14. The question is a pertinent one. So is the comment. If hanging prevents murder, it may have to be retained. But if hanging does *not* prevent murder, there can be no possible argument for its retention in a country which professes the Christian faith. Evidence on the matter, as distinct from mere surmise and opinion, can only be found in the actual experience of those countries in which capital punishment has been abolished. From the proceedings of the Royal Commission, as so far reported in the Press, it would appear that evidence of this character has not yet been called. But the evidence exists. Although it is now 15 years old, it is to be found in full measure in the files of the select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1929. Indeed, it was in order that these very facts might be ascertained and verified that the Select Committee was primarily set up. Unfortunately, when the committee came to make its recommendations, its members were hopelessly divided, and the report, being the report of a bare majority, was robbed of much of its authority. But the unhappy circumstances which attended the publication of the report in no way detract from the value of the official evidence given by all the European governments which had actual experience of abolition.

What, then, was the evidence? In Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden and Italy abolition had not been followed by any increase in the number of murders. Especially noteworthy was the statement of the Belgian Ministry of Justice: "In the face of results so conclusive further argument appears to have been finally silenced. It seems inconceivable that a Minister of Justice should ever again think it possible to re-establish a penalty the uselessness of which, to put it no higher, has been amply demonstrated". With regard to other countries, our French Ambassador stated that it appeared to be "difficult to draw from French experience any very strong argument for or against the abolition of the death penalty". In Austria capital punishment had been abolished in April, 1919, and the number of murders had increased; but it was "generally felt" that this corresponded with the experience of Europe as a whole, and was due to the "abnormal psychological state" of the post-war decade. In Germany the death penalty had been so recently suspended (1928) that an opinion as to the effects could not be given: in Portugal and Rumania it had been so long abolished that statistics were unavailable. With regard to the United States, where the practice varies from State to State, the evidence was so conflicting that it is difficult to come to any satisfactory conclusion. Such is the factual evidence. In assessing it two considerations must be borne in mind. In the first place, the murder rate per head of population is everywhere so minute that a fluctuation in the rate may take on a significance out of all proportion to the numbers actually involved. In the second place, most abolitionist countries had allowed the practice of capital punishment to fall into gradual disuse by the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, and the act of abolition, when it took place, was little more than a formality. But even subject to these considerations it will be seen that the weight of factual evidence is against the contention that capital punishment acts as a deterrent.

On the whole, such a conclusion was to be expected. Murders are of many kinds. There are passionate murders. There are premeditated murders. There are murders committed in the carrying out of some other criminal offence. With regard to the first two classes several of the witnesses before the Select Committee who favoured the retention of the capital sentence were none the less of the opinion that in these cases it did not act as a deterrent. Passion is passion, and swallows up the fear of death. "I will swing for you" may sometimes be the expression of mere bravado: but oftener it gives voice to a despair so deep that a double death —death of the murdered and death of the murderer—is preferable to a life which has become intolerable. On the other hand, the man who, in most cases for material gain, calculates a premeditated murder, planning every step and covering up his traces, is usually so convinced of his cunning that the uncertain shadow of the gallows is no deterrent. But the murder committed in the carrying out of some other criminal offence is in another category. This is the crux of the dispute. The late Alexander Paterson, well known as a humanitarian Prison Commissioner, supported the retention of the death penalty, and in the course of his evidence said: "We who are in daily contact with professional criminals can safely say that with them the dread of the gallows is a strong deterrent. . . . The burglar is tempted to shoot the policeman or civilian who surprises him in order to remove the evidence of his identity. If upon conviction for such murder he is only to receive a sentence of imprisonment a little longer than that which he will infallibly receive if he leaves alive the main evidence of his guilt, he will be the more likely to shoot than he is today". No one with the broad sympathy of Alexander Paterson would have taken such a stand unless he conceived it to be essential. Yet on the other side it must be recorded that these fears were directly contradicted by the factual evidence given from their experience by high officials from the abolitionist states of Belgium, Holland and Norway. In these countries abolition was not followed by any noticeable increase in the carrying of fire-arms by the criminal class. The controversy would seem to be one between natural fear and ascertained fact. Is it once again to be said that fear triumphs over fact? Does hanging prevent even this kind of murder? Or do we only think it does?

SCIENCE, MORALITY AND FINANCE

By John Rowland

[*Mr. Rowland in this article anticipated certain authoritative statements made last week. The gas he mentions, "agene", is to be replaced by another chemical. His main point still stands.*]

ONE of the problems which perpetually besets modern man is the thought (often expressed in literature) that his technical excellence has tended to outrun his moral sense. In other words, many people nowadays feel that man's command of his environment has become greater than his command of himself.

With the atomic bomb in mind it is, of course, impossible altogether to deny this. But, as I tried to show in an article recently published in these columns, even the atomic bomb is not the perfect demonstration that science is a perilous activity, since atomic energy can be used, in medicine and in other peaceful pursuits, to mankind's lasting benefit.

But the old philosophy of what has been called "Secular Optimism" has become more and more difficult to hold in recent years. Even H. G. Wells, who was the prophet *par excellence* of the value of technical progress, threw up his hands in total despair, and in his last little book, *Mind at the End of its Tether*, admitted that the philosophy on which he had based his life was mistaken. And I do not think that final despair of H. G. Wells can be altogether explained by the fact that he was a sick man in his later years.

Yet even those who think that the technical progress of man has been too rapid and the moral progress too slow, do not advocate that science should stop. (In any case, it cannot

stop.) That there are many spheres where there is a crying need for some sort of moral basis for some application of science it is impossible to deny. And here I quote an example which has been more or less ignored by the general press of our day, and which, in its ordinary applications, is vitally important.

This example of technical progress, unaccompanied by any kind of moral sanction, is connected with the baking of bread. Most people will be aware that the majority of bread-eaters like bread to be fairly white—the whiter the better, they would say. And bakers, naturally, like to meet that demand, and also like bread which is easily handled. About twenty-five years ago nitrogen trichloride, a gas, was first passed through wheat after milling. This gas (commonly called "agene") was found to produce considerably whiter flour and at the same time made the loaves lighter in texture and easier to handle in the large mechanised bakeries. The use of "agene" steadily increased and, as far as one can tell, is still increasing.

But some of the medical experts were not so sure that "agene", apparently a technically valuable substance, would be good for the human being eating the bread. Sir Edward Mellanby, as long as three years ago, made a statement which has not been disputed, pointing out that dogs fed on "agenised" flour often died from some obscure stomach disorder. Obviously something which is poisonous for dogs cannot be good in the everyday food of human beings. And some scientists have suggested that the increase in gastric and duodenal ulcers among the west European population during the last twenty or thirty years may not be disconnected with the use of "agene".

Now, I am not for a moment suggesting that the use of "agene" in bread is illegal. It is not. But the convenience of a material of that kind, in a civilization such as that under which we live, is enough to outweigh such disadvantages, in the way of human illness, as it may produce. It has not been finally proved, even, that "agene" is harmful; the matter is in doubt. But can one not say that a civilization which was based on a firm morality would not allow such an issue to remain in doubt for long?

I have chosen this issue of "agenised" bread, because it happens to be something that I know a little about. But there is no doubt that anyone whose knowledge covered a different field of applied science would be able to produce a similar example from that.

What, then, is the conclusion to which we are being driven? Surely it is that some sort of firm moral and ethical basis for our actions must be established if all kinds of evils are not allowed to flourish. The activity of the patent medicine industry, to take another example, is almost entirely anti-social; but there can be no disputing the fact that the immense sums of money involved in the production of "remedies" which are generally useless or are sold at about a hundred times their cost of manufacture have had an influence. Possibly the National Health Service will play its part here, making people realise that many of the so-called medicines advertised in the Press are not as good as those prescribed by the doctor.

In a community which maintained a firm grasp on the principles of morality patent medicines, except those which did real good to sick people, would be prohibited. And one can think of other examples of anti-social industries (dare one mention the football pools?) which may not do so much direct damage but which may well have greater secondary effects on character.

What the churches can do in these matters it is not easy to say, when one recalls the small minority of the population who go to church with any regularity. But I think that it is essential for all who believe in any kind of moral standard to realise that this is not an abstract thing, to be studied as one might study the higher mathematics; it is something with practical applications in everyday life. And until those who hold a moral standard see the way in which this reflects on everyday life, the scientific progress of mankind will outrun its moral progress, the financial benefit of the few may outweigh the physical or ethical benefit of the many.

MY WEEK

By a Parson

(The author, one-time bank clerk and bookseller, is now a north-country vicar. He has lived the life of a down-and-out, and represented the Cambridge Union in a debating tour of the U.S.A.)

Monday. This parish is residential. There are few organisations, which means plenty of time for study. A well-thought-out service on Sunday—and visiting—are the chief essentials. I try to plan my reading and make it cover a good deal of ground: two days to theology, two to Shaw and other modern writers, and two to current affairs. All this interspersed with plenty of lighter literature to keep it human and close to earth. Visiting is important, however trivial it may seem. You are building up contacts against the day when your help may be needed. Also, you are more likely to get your sermon from visiting than from books.

The churchyard is my chief worry. A lot of money is spent on flowers at funerals, but too often, after a few weeks, mourners cease to care for the grave, and the sexton already has too much to do to keep it tidy. He is getting on in years and must soon retire. Who will dig the graves then? The new black-coated education offers no answer. To keep the diminishing space in our pretty little churchyard for the local people we raised the price of burial to non-parishioners ("non-perishers" my sexton calls them), first from £20 to £40, then to £100. But five or six are still ready to pay this every year.

Decide the subject of my sermons for the Sunday four weeks ahead and spend most of the morning reading for them. But Monday is traditionally parson's day off (though most people will not be shaken in their belief that we work only on Sundays) and I spend the afternoon mowing the lawns. I cannot afford a full-time gardener and even with a motor-mower I am at it for fully three hours. Am much bothered with a swarm of flies which find my perspiring countenance a place of extraordinary fascination. My wife pours anti-midge scent on my hair and ties a D.D.T. card round my head, "will kill any insect that touches it". But it's no use. The flies love it, and beaming countenance and circling insects proceed in their tracks like sun and planets on their orbit. Realise I shall never make a gardener. Can never be bothered to re-set mower. Either the cutters are too high from the ground, so that daisies merely duck at my approach and then bob up sneeringly after I have gone by, or cutters are too close, so that I plough up the ground and people ask what I'm planting this year.

Wednesday. It is very wet, and only one person turns up for ten o'clock Communion. Decide cannot adhere to rule which requires two people to be present beside the minister—a rule to guard against abuse of the Service. If someone has braved exposures of Church Lane in a downpour they must want something in the Communion very surely, and I am not the one to deny them. So the two of us act for the whole Church of Christ in this place and proceed with a quiet service. And we pray for the sick.

A couple call to put up the banns. With brimming eyes they look at me as if I am the angel to hand out passport to Heaven. Am feeling less than angelic as they have called during supper which is now cooling on table. Explain to them that marriage isn't Heaven at all but knowing how to eat a cold supper and like it. But they are very young and their eyes do not brim any the less. For them, cold supper, if eaten together, is caviare in Paradise. Ask them if they are quite sure they have made the right choice. They regard me incredibly, as if there were a suspicion of horns behind the angelic wings. But, I explain, carefully looking at a squashed mosquito on the wall rather than meet the brimming eyes, it's very important, do you know the number of divorces has risen from 300 a year in 1936 to 60,000 in 1948, and all because people rushed into it too quickly? But already I can see they regard me no more as an angel with a passport. I am a monster and a killjoy. Have they a house? asks angel-turned-monster. No. Do they know what marriage means? I am not only a monster but an inquisitive Nosy Parker as well. They draw closer on the couch. Decide that if they get any nearer shall have to read Marriage Service over them there and then. When they are gone, reflect over

warmed-up supper that it is as easy to conduct people to matrimony as for a taxi-driver to convey them to the station.

Thursday. Youngest child's first and only word is indubitably "good-bye". A ring at the front door. Ah, someone to see the Vicar. But youngest child is there first, briefly surveys visitor, says "good-bye", and slams door in his face. He will make an admirable secretary one day.

Visiting. From conversations, realise that Health and Housing are top priorities in people's thinking. Stop to talk to a lady whom I believe to be Mrs. A, ask how her little boy is. But she is not Mrs. A at all. She is Miss B. Feel I would be better employed crossing Atlantic in a 20-foot yacht. Or in not getting across it at all.

First-class clash at Bible Reading Fellowship study group. What is pacifism? And is it right? Case is put strongly that modern wars, for all their fine talk about freedom and democracy, are no better in principle and in results than feudal vendettas. Only way to cut vicious circle of anger, recriminations and aggression is for someone to turn the other cheek. Yes, *your* cheek, if the quarrel's personal, weighs in the other side, but not the cheeks of the masses who have appointed you to safeguard their interests in national quarrels. So it goes on. Reflect the Church never solves its problems, only shelves them . . . till something happens, and we have to reach up to the shelf. Debate prompts me to turn to new book of essays on Mahatma Gandhi, and I read the great man saying: "But if you do not retaliate, but stand your ground between your charge and the opponent, simply receiving the blows without retaliating, what happens? I give you my promise that the whole of the violence will be expended on you, and your charge will be left unscathed". Reflect that my worship of great men is mostly sentimental, not real at all.

Friday. An American boy-evangelist has been telling audiences in the Albert Hall that he has been to Heaven, it has gates twice as large as the Albert Hall stage, made of precious stones. It was plain, says the report, that "almost all his listeners believed not only in the details of his experience but also that the youth was in fact a channel for supernatural powers of healing". Someone I visited complained that friends of hers in south looked down on north as inhabited by barbarians. Her best answer would be to point to "Miracle Boy from America": such stuff might bamboozle gaping Londoners but would be howled off with a few ill-chosen words (and well-directed slaps) in stolid Manchester. Still I am interested in the pearly gates, and in the wisdom of babes and sucklings. But then I am south-country myself. Am also interested in more prosaic gates at bottom of Vicarage drive to keep youngest child from straying on road.

Saturday. Prepare sermons. They are to be on "Prudence" and "Good Manners". Turning over the notes for them which have been accumulating for four weeks, wonder if they are really worth while. Prudence, I am going to say, is not just wise reflection, it is right decision as well. Well, there's reflection, in the sermon all right, but will it decide anything for anyone? O for the preaching that does things as well as says them!

Sunday. Eight o'clock Communion. Sky slightly overcast, the air still, little traffic on main road yet. A beautiful morning in promise. About thirty of us present. The best service of the day. But how difficult to keep the voice quiet and clear, as if it were distilled from the church and not merely a strident noise imposed from outside to set it quivering. For Mattins, church about three-quarters full. Why not more so? A service of worship should do two things. It should enact the drama of God's Creation and Redemption of Man, and it should fill those present with the pity and terror of life, that is, the awe of God's majesty and love, thus purging the emotions of all lesser things. Are we not doing that in our services? Or not enough to stand up against motoring, golfing, cooking the joint, or just lazing at home? In the evening it is jolly. People linger after the service (always a good sign), there are more young people present, and I can see there will eventually be more couples to cool my supper. But Sunday's supper is pleasant and undisturbed. As I listen to the soothing music of Grand Hotel I try to get pulpit phrases about Prudence out of my head. But I cannot so easily dismiss the question: "Have I spent a prudent week myself?"

IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Muriel Hilton

WHEN passing through Manchester recently, someone behind me in the carriage looked out of the window and remarked to her companion, "If men had to do the housework, we should have got rid of smoke years ago".

Most women as well as quite a number of men would agree that it would be a good thing if many more women fought and won seats at the coming election. We all find difficulty in striking the right balance between our personal duties and our obligations as citizens, and women immersed in home affairs are rarely able to devote enough time to those things which directly or indirectly affect life from outside. "The politician's appeal", as A. J. Cummings has said, "is still mainly addressed to male interests, male prejudices and the more blatantly expressed social and economic needs of the infinitely better organised male community." He would like to see at least a hundred women members of Parliament, and so would a good many more of us!

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A recent number of the *Christian Register* was devoted to that great American Dr. John Haynes Holmes. It recalls vividly to my mind a gathering about twenty years ago at the Guildhouse when Dr. Maude Royden presided over an Open Forum where representatives of various religions spoke. I was seeking for a more inclusive faith at the time and often went to the Guildhouse. That meeting to me was one of the most memorable in my life. I can see the distinguished gathering now. There was Maude Royden herself, a Jewish Rabbi, an Indian woman who was a well-known poet (I think it was Mrs. Naidhu), and on the left John Haynes Holmes the Unitarian. The word Unitarian did not mean much to me then, but I was deeply impressed with the tremendous vitality and power of John Haynes Holmes. As I listened to the speakers give their religious views there came one of those strange intuitive flashes that are known to most of us, and I was convinced that what was important was the unifying force in all religions, that the essence of all religion is the same.

It was good to read of the prophetic ministry of John Haynes Holmes, especially one of the articles in which the contributor says, "Believing in one world this great American believes in one religion, one body of God. Somewhere along the line he came to see that all roads lead to the same summit; that they all merge in the way of redeeming love".

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Most of us would agree with Jeremy Taylor that "friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good".

There are many times when even the thought of a friend can lift the clinging mists of depression; when memories of happy times shared with one whom we love can take us out of the present and transport us to more joyful times. We can't after all expect always to live on one sunny level, and yet by cultivating little tricks of memory we can recall those dear delights that have somehow become part of us. Sometimes—and it is especially rewarding to do this when one is alone, and perhaps sitting by the fire in winter—to think of one friend and to trace back the beginnings of a relationship is a source of great solace and pleasure. It will seem surprising to find how much has been added by one friend. The

stop.) That there are many spheres where there is a crying need for some sort of moral basis for some application of science it is impossible to deny. And here I quote an example which has been more or less ignored by the general press of our day, and which, in its ordinary applications, is vitally important.

This example of technical progress, unaccompanied by any kind of moral sanction, is connected with the baking of bread. Most people will be aware that the majority of bread-eaters like bread to be fairly white—the whiter the better, they would say. And bakers, naturally, like to meet that demand, and also like bread which is easily handled. About twenty-five years ago nitrogen trichloride, a gas, was first passed through wheat after milling. This gas (commonly called "agene") was found to produce considerably whiter flour and at the same time made the loaves lighter in texture and easier to handle in the large mechanised bakeries. The use of "agene" steadily increased and, as far as one can tell, is still increasing.

But some of the medical experts were not so sure that "agene", apparently a technically valuable substance, would be good for the human being eating the bread. Sir Edward Mellanby, as long as three years ago, made a statement which has not been disputed, pointing out that dogs fed on "agenised" flour often died from some obscure stomach disorder. Obviously something which is poisonous for dogs cannot be good in the everyday food of human beings. And some scientists have suggested that the increase in gastric and duodenal ulcers among the west European population during the last twenty or thirty years may not be disconnected with the use of "agene".

Now, I am not for a moment suggesting that the use of "agene" in bread is illegal. It is not. But the convenience of a material of that kind, in a civilization such as that under which we live, is enough to outweigh such disadvantages, in the way of human illness, as it may produce. It has not been finally proved, even, that "agene" is harmful; the matter is in doubt. But can one not say that a civilization which was based on a firm morality would not allow such an issue to remain in doubt for long?

I have chosen this issue of "agenised" bread, because it happens to be something that I know a little about. But there is no doubt that anyone whose knowledge covered a different field of applied science would be able to produce a similar example from that.

What, then, is the conclusion to which we are being driven? Surely it is that some sort of firm moral and ethical basis for our actions must be established if all kinds of evils are not allowed to flourish. The activity of the patent medicine industry, to take another example, is almost entirely anti-social; but there can be no disputing the fact that the immense sums of money involved in the production of "remedies" which are generally useless or are sold at about a hundred times their cost of manufacture have had an influence. Possibly the National Health Service will play its part here, making people realise that many of the so-called medicines advertised in the Press are not as good as those prescribed by the doctor.

In a community which maintained a firm grasp on the principles of morality patent medicines, except those which did real good to sick people, would be prohibited. And one can think of other examples of anti-social industries (dare one mention the football pools?) which may not do so much direct damage but which may well have greater secondary effects on character.

What the churches can do in these matters it is not easy to say, when one recalls the small minority of the population who go to church with any regularity. But I think that it is essential for all who believe in any kind of moral standard to realise that this is not an abstract thing, to be studied as one might study the higher mathematics; it is something with practical applications in everyday life. And until those who hold a moral standard see the way in which this reflects on everyday life, the scientific progress of mankind will outrun its moral progress, the financial benefit of the few may outweigh the physical or ethical benefit of the many.

MY WEEK

By a Parson

(The author, one-time bank clerk and bookseller, is now a north-country vicar. He has lived the life of a down-and-out, and represented the Cambridge Union in a debating tour of the U.S.A.)

Monday. This parish is residential. There are few organisations, which means plenty of time for study. A well-thought-out service on Sunday—and visiting—are the chief essentials. I try to plan my reading and make it cover a good deal of ground: two days to theology, two to Shaw and other modern writers, and two to current affairs. All this interspersed with plenty of lighter literature to keep it human and close to earth. Visiting is important, however trivial it may seem. You are building up contacts against the day when your help may be needed. Also, you are more likely to get your sermon from visiting than from books.

The churchyard is my chief worry. A lot of money is spent on flowers at funerals, but too often, after a few weeks, mourners cease to care for the grave, and the sexton already has too much to do to keep it tidy. He is getting on in years and must soon retire. Who will dig the graves then? The new black-coated education offers no answer. To keep the diminishing space in our pretty little churchyard for the local people we raised the price of burial to non-parishioners ("non-perishers" my sexton calls them), first from £20 to £40, then to £100. But five or six are still ready to pay this every year.

Decide the subject of my sermons for the Sunday four weeks ahead and spend most of the morning reading for them. But Monday is traditionally parson's day off (though most people will not be shaken in their belief that we work only on Sundays) and I spend the afternoon mowing the lawns. I cannot afford a full-time gardener and even with a motor-mower I am at it for fully three hours. Am much bothered with a swarm of flies which find my perspiring countenance a place of extraordinary fascination. My wife pours anti-midge scent on my hair and ties a D.D.T. card round my head, "will kill any insect that touches it". But it's no use. The flies love it, and beaming countenance and circling insects proceed in their tracks like sun and planets on their orbit. Realise I shall never make a gardener. Can never be bothered to re-set mower. Either the cutters are too high from the ground, so that daisies merely duck at my approach and then bob up sneeringly after I have gone by, or cutters are too close, so that I plough up the ground and people ask what I'm planting this year.

Wednesday. It is very wet, and only one person turns up for ten o'clock Communion. Decide cannot adhere to rule which requires two people to be present beside the minister—a rule to guard against abuse of the Service. If someone has braved exposures of Church Lane in a downpour they must want something in the Communion very surely, and I am not the one to deny them. So the two of us act for the whole Church of Christ in this place and proceed with a quiet service. And we pray for the sick.

A couple call to put up the banns. With brimming eyes they look at me as if I am the angel to hand out passport to Heaven. Am feeling less than angelic as they have called during supper which is now cooling on table. Explain to them that marriage isn't Heaven at all but knowing how to eat a cold supper and like it. But they are very young and their eyes do not brim any the less. For them, cold supper, if eaten together, is caviare in Paradise. Ask them if they are quite sure they have made the right choice. They regard me incredibly, as if there were a suspicion of horns behind the angelic wings. But, I explain, carefully looking at a squashed mosquito on the wall rather than meet the brimming eyes, it's very important, do you know the number of divorces has risen from 300 a year in 1936 to 60,000 in 1948, and all because people rushed into it too quickly? But already I can see they regard me no more as an angel with a passport. I am a monster and a killjoy. Have they a house? asks angel-turned-monster. No. Do they know what marriage means? I am not only a monster but an inquisitive Nosy Parker as well. They draw closer on the couch. Decide that if they get any nearer shall have to read Marriage Service over them there and then. When they are gone, reflect over

warmed-up supper that it is as easy to conduct people to matrimony as for a taxi-driver to convey them to the station. *Thursday.* Youngest child's first and only word is indubitably "good-bye". A ring at the front door. Ah, someone to see the Vicar. But youngest child is there first, briefly surveys visitor, says "good-bye", and slams door in his face. He will make an admirable secretary one day.

Visiting. From conversations, realise that Health and Housing are top priorities in people's thinking. Stop to talk to a lady whom I believe to be Mrs. A, ask how her little boy is. But she is not Mrs. A at all. She is Miss B. Feel I would be better employed crossing Atlantic in a 20-foot yacht. Or in not getting across it at all.

First-class clash at Bible Reading Fellowship study group. What is pacifism? And is it right? Case is put strongly that modern wars, for all their fine talk about freedom and democracy, are no better in principle and in results than feudal vendettas. Only way to cut vicious circle of anger, recriminations and aggression is for someone to turn the other cheek. Yes, *your* cheek, if the quarrel's personal, weighs in the other side, but not the cheeks of the masses who have appointed you to safeguard their interests in national quarrels. So it goes on. Reflect the Church never solves its problems, only shelves them . . . till something happens, and we have to reach up to the shelf. Debate prompts me to turn to new book of essays on Mahatma Gandhi, and I read the great man saying: "But if you do not retaliate, but stand your ground between your charge and the opponent, simply receiving the blows without retaliating, what happens? I give you my promise that the whole of the violence will be expended on you, and your charge will be left unscathed". Reflect that my worship of great men is mostly sentimental, not real at all.

Friday. An American boy-evangelist has been telling audiences in the Albert Hall that he has been to Heaven, it has gates twice as large as the Albert Hall stage, made of precious stones. It was plain, says the report, that "almost all his listeners believed not only in the details of his experience but also that the youth was in fact a channel for supernatural powers of healing". Someone I visited complained that friends of hers in south looked down on north as inhabited by barbarians. Her best answer would be to point to "Miracle Boy from America": such stuff might bamboozle gaping Londoners but would be howled off with a few ill-chosen words (and well-directed slaps) in stolid Manchester. Still I am interested in the pearly gates, and in the wisdom of babes and sucklings. But then I am south-country myself. Am also interested in more prosaic gates at bottom of Vicarage drive to keep youngest child from straying on road.

Saturday. Prepare sermons. They are to be on "Prudence" and "Good Manners". Turning over the notes for them which have been accumulating for four weeks, wonder if they are really worth while. Prudence, I am going to say, is not just wise reflection, it is right decision as well. Well, there's reflection, in the sermon all right, but will it decide anything for anyone? O for the preaching that does things as well as says them!

Sunday. Eight o'clock Communion. Sky slightly overcast, the air still, little traffic on main road yet. A beautiful morning in promise. About thirty of us present. The best service of the day. But how difficult to keep the voice quiet and clear, as if it were distilled from the church and not merely a strident noise imposed from outside to set it quivering. For Mattins, church about three-quarters full. Why not more so? A service of worship should do two things. It should enact the drama of God's Creation and Redemption of Man, and it should fill those present with the pity and terror of life, that is, the awe of God's majesty and love, thus purging the emotions of all lesser things. Are we not doing that in our services? Or not enough to stand up against motoring, golfing, cooking the joint, or just lazing at home? In the evening it is jolly. People linger after the service (always a good sign), there are more young people present, and I can see there will eventually be more couples to cool my supper. But Sunday's supper is pleasant and undisturbed. As I listen to the soothing music of Grand Hotel I try to get pulpit phrases about Prudence out of my head. But I cannot so easily dismiss the question: "Have I spent a prudent week myself?"

IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Muriel Hilton

WHEN passing through Manchester recently, someone behind me in the carriage looked out of the window and remarked to her companion, "If men had to do the housework, we should have got rid of smoke years ago".

Most women as well as quite a number of men would agree that it would be a good thing if many more women fought and won seats at the coming election. We all find difficulty in striking the right balance between our personal duties and our obligations as citizens, and women immersed in home affairs are rarely able to devote enough time to those things which directly or indirectly affect life from outside. "The politician's appeal", as A. J. Cummings has said, "is still mainly addressed to male interests, male prejudices and the more blatantly expressed social and economic needs of the infinitely better organised male community." He would like to see at least a hundred women members of Parliament, and so would a good many more of us!

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memories of the first meeting, the gradual deepening of the relationship, the shared pleasures of mutual interests; all these together with the meetings throughout the years make a shining chain of events which can never be taken away from us. Friendship is indeed a sanctuary to which we can return at will, and whatever our age, there is always the promise and expectancy of new friendships.

I believe it was Maeterlinck who said one should always listen to approaching footsteps with awe and expectation for one knows not who is coming into one's life. It is one of the adventures of common days that we know not whom we may meet.

"MUMU"

By Irene Burstow

NINETEENTH century Russian writers of sympathy and imagination turned their attention to the social problems of their day. Some of these problems are still ours of the present. A study of their works, therefore, is profitable.

Instead of seeing the halt, the lame, the blind and the mentally inferior as pawns to be moved looking-glass wise to secure our goal, it is well, as Turgenev does in his story *Mumu*, to pick up one of the "pieces" and examine him closely. Then he is shown to us as a living *individual* with all the needs and emotions of the human soul. Then the scene changes. Black and white gives place to an infinite variety of hues and what appeared to us a judicious move no longer seems feasible.

Mumu is the story of a deaf mute—Gerasim by name. He was "a man full twelve inches over the normal height, of heroic build, and deaf and dumb from birth". Being of great vigour and endowed with much strength it was with intense dislike that he viewed his new mode of life when he was taken to Moscow and appointed porter in the household of an exacting old lady. It was here where Gerasim first saw, idealized and loved Tatiana, a laundress in the same house. But the mistress had other plans for Tatiana; she must marry another chosen for her. The steward Gavrila Andreitch, knowing it was more than his place was worth to cross the old lady, conceived a plan of action. Gerasim was intolerant of drunkards. So Tatiana was instructed to pretend to be tipsy and Gerasim led to behold her disgraceful actions. The trick succeeded and Gerasim was in one stroke robbed both of his ideal of womanhood and of his hopes for the future. Then the story tells us of how Gerasim rescued a puppy from drowning and how man and dog became inseparable. All Gerasim's affection was now showered upon "Mumu" as the dog was called. But the old lady heard the dog barking and ordered it to be destroyed. Gerasim barred himself in his attic with his precious companion while the servants argued outside his door. An hour later Gerasim showed himself. He was leading Mumu by a string. By signs he let everyone know that he himself would see the end of his dear friend. He was a man of his word and all knew he would carry out his bitter task. The story of how he drowned his dog is indescribably moving. Robbed of all he held dear, Gerasim returned to his native village to live a life of toil and solitude. At first the old lady issued a mandate for him to be brought back but afterwards changed her mind, declaring that such an ungrateful creature was absolutely of no use to her. Turgenev ends by telling us that the peasants of the village remarked "It is good luck Gerasim can get on without female folk, and as for a dog—well, what need has he of a dog?"

It is not enough that we should look after the physical well-being of our less fortunate fellow men. Let us be wary of thinking "What need has he of other things?"

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

REVS. J. BUCHANAN and ANA TORRES,
27 Gore Street,
Arncliffe, N.S.W., Australia.

THEY GOT IT WRONG

Reporting the Induction Service of Rev. Harold A. Gore at Oldbury, the *Midland Chronicle and Free Press* (West Bromwich) said, "He writes for *The Spectator*, the oldest Nonconformist weekly paper in the country." (Issue of Friday, January 27.)

FIFTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW

By G. Randall Jones, B.D.

IN ALL ages there have been those who saw visions and dreamed dreams. Isaiah, for example, "A shoot shall come forth out of the stock of Jesse . . . and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him . . . and they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain". That was a dazzling vision. It has inspired the hopes of saints and heroes. Yet the vision still awaits fulfilment. They are still hurting and destroying in the Lord's mountain, and no one can say how long it will be before they learn to do otherwise.

Yet some of the visions seen by men of olden time remained visions for centuries, and then suddenly became actualities in our day and generation. For instance, the vision of Zechariah, the prophet of sanctified common sense. He had lived through troubled times; he had seen Jerusalem in ruins; but, in vision, he had seen the glory that was to be. "There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, every man with his staff in his hand for very age, and the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Jerusalem a safe place—safe for the very old and for the very young—such was the gist of Zechariah's vision.

Let us apply it, not to Jerusalem exclusively, but to all the cities and towns and villages of civilised communities universally. Thus applied, Zechariah's vision seems appreciably nearer to fulfilment as a result of changes in social outlook which have occurred during the past fifty years.

When I was a boy, many people lived in fear—fear of what would happen to them when they grew too old to work. They saw the grim shadow of an institution called "the Workhouse" looming ahead. That fear has been slain. Old Age Pensions, Old People's Welfare Societies, and a whole mass of social legislation lifted the shadow of fear from the lives of the aged. In our day and generation, that part of Zechariah's vision which dealt with the security of the old people has become an accomplished fact—at least, to a large extent.

What of the young people? Zechariah was concerned with them, too. That touch of his about "the boys and girls playing in the streets" is one of the most striking indication in the Old Testament of a love for children as such. We must not take it literally, of course. The street of a busy city nowadays is no place for children to play in. But we have our Playing Fields Associations; we have our Children's Allowances; we have our Child Welfare Clinics; we have our Youth Movements. Looking back over the past fifty years, I assert that one of the most significant changes in social outlook has occurred. Fifty years have brought a recognition on the part of the whole community of its responsibility for the welfare of the very old and the very young.

So far as the very young are concerned, I have been reading a book which throws a vivid light on the attitude of the community towards children in the days when Dr. Barnardo started his child-rescue work. It is called *The Adventures of Dr. Barnardo*, by A. E. Williams (Allen & Unwin, 5s.). All the stories in this book are based on events which actually happened. We see the young doctor groping his way at midnight, with a dark lantern, through the vilest slums of the East End of London, entering a large tenement and tearing a little Irish boy from the custody of two depraved women. On another occasion we see him creeping into a common lodging-house and rescuing two sleeping girls from under the very noses of drunken tramps. Or we find him penetrating into a den of young thieves and, by skilful strategy, capturing their leader. All these things happened, in London, little more than seventy years ago. Seventy years have revolutionised the attitude of the community toward child-life.

Then I remember Zechariah, and his vision. I remember how he was concerned with the very old and the very young. I think he was right. I have sometimes heard people criticise a church, on the ground that "they have no young people". I have never heard anyone criticise a church on the ground that "they have no old people". But the latter criticism would be as valid as the former. A church without old people, like a church without young people, is neglecting

its job. Personally, in our church life, I think we ought to consider all age-groups, and I like the idea of the family church, where young and old and middle-aged meet as one united family. But I agree that the very old and the very young have special needs. I know one Unitarian church in the West country which has experienced something of a revival through making special provision for the old people; I know another which seemed on the point of closing its doors a few years ago, but is now alive and flourishing, having been built up from the children in the Sunday School. Therefore, whilst fully accepting the ideal of the family church composed of all age-groups, I think the needs of the old and the young deserve very special consideration. I think that the social legislation of recent years, giving priority to the needs of the old and the needs of the young, and supported by all political parties, has been on the right lines.

I stress the point that this concern for the very old and the very young is a comparatively recent growth—a most significant change in social outlook during the past fifty or sixty years. But if fifty or sixty years can bring about such a change in social outlook, so that the vision of Zechariah is almost an acomplished fact, perhaps we need not be too hasty in abandoning what some people call "the old discredited belief in the progress of mankind upward and onward for ever". Perhaps the belief in progress is not discredited after all, though it is temporarily under a cloud. Perhaps another fifty years, or less, will do as much for the vision of Isaiah as the past fifty years have done for the vision of Zechariah. Be that as it may, a shoot came out of the stock of Jesse. And whether it be fifty years hence or five hundred years hence, the day cometh when Isaiah's vision shall be proved true, when men shall no longer hurt nor destroy in all the Lord's mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

A UNITARIAN REVIEWS HIS LIFE

"I Call to Mind", by Herbert S. Carter. J. Looker, Ltd. Poole. 1949. *pp.* 246. 8*s.* 6*d.*

THERE will be a warm welcome from many people for this latest volume of records and reflections by Mr. Herbert S. Carter. The chief interest will be, no doubt, for those who know something of Poole, and share Mr. Carter's two great enthusiasms, for civic service and sailing. It is obviously not intended for, or expected to achieve, any wide general circulation, much of it being in the nature of "extracts from the Diary of a Dorset Alderman".

In his Foreword the author expresses the belief that "the happenings in our community during the years I wish to review contain material of romance". The validity of this belief is demonstrated in the very interesting record of the settlement of his grandfather, Jesse Carter, in Poole, where he purchased Poole Pottery in 1873, and the activities and enterprise of Jesse's sons, especially Charles, William and Owen. There is assuredly here the raw material for a "Carter Saga". Mr. Herbert Carter, however, sets before himself a much more modest task, leaving it to his readers to reflect upon the way in which the virile and versatile personalities of these brothers have contributed to the evolution of modern Poole, and, with many others of similar enterprise and initiative, have played no small part in the development of the British Commonwealth.

Herbert himself is the second surviving son of William (who bought Kinson Pottery in 1884) and Eliza Ellen (née Balston), a devoted member of the Unitarian Church, who died last summer at the age of 98. Educated first in Poole, then at schools in Belgium and Germany, he came home to begin industrial life with a good linguistic and cultural background. After a period in Manchester and London, he settled in Parkstone in 1904, joining his father at Kinson Pottery. A year later he was elected to the Poole Town Council for the newly acquired area of Branksome, which by special arrangement carried with it immediate elevation to the Aldermanic Bench. It is no wonder that many of us find it difficult, since his resignation in 1949, to think and speak of "Mr." instead of the long familiar "Alderman" Carter. The story of his activities and achievements, his extensive travels and adventures in sailing is hinted at rather than fully narrated, by the method of extracts from diaries and records, and naturally many of these extracts have a predominantly local interest only. The facts that Mr. Carter has been five times Mayor of Poole, and that in 1928 the Freedom of the Borough of Poole was conferred upon him, testify to the universal esteem and affection in which he is held by his fellow citizens, and the more recent award of the O.B.E. is an indication of a still wider recognition of the importance of the services he has rendered in many fields, and particularly in education.

Mr. Carter, like his mother, is a staunch and lifelong Unitarian, and he has been a gracious and leading spirit at Hill Street Unitarian Church throughout his residence in Parkstone. It is difficult for one who has the privilege of knowing him well to estimate the extent to which this volume will convey the charm, the strength, and the lovableness of a very remarkable personality, for it is rather like a long and communicative letter to friends who already know the man, and are eager to hear from him all he has to say about his experiences, and are interested in his reflections on persons, events and problems. Outstanding characteristics, which may or may not shine as clearly in his writings as in his conversations and acts, are his extraordinary versatility, his extreme modesty, his capacity to combine hard work with strenuous play, and gracious serenity of spirit which attracts and attaches confidence and friendship. We have to say, with the commissionaire quoted in the last sentence of the volume, "Mr. Alderman, Good Night!"—but that is only to Mr. Alderman. A great host of friends and fellow workers confidently hope that there will be yet many years during which the author will hear their friendly voices: "Good Morning, Mr. Carter!" *J. C. F.*

MAKING THE CAUSE KNOWN

By Arthur Peacock

IN A room high over Bloomsbury housetops, a group of men and women have been giving their minds to the problem of how the name Unitarian can be constantly kept before the people.

They are members of the Development Sub-Committee of the General Assembly. Their job is to carry on the propaganda and publicity work from the stage where the "Mission to Ourselves" activities concluded. In other words, they are concerned now with "The Mission to the Other Fellow"; our next door neighbour, the chap who works alongside us in the factory, or sits opposite us in the office; the great army of "spiritual orphans" outside of all church life.

The first results of the Committee's labours are the revival of the "Wayside Pulpit", the preparation of a manual on church publicity, and consideration of the need for new leaflets and pamphlets setting forth the liberal faith.

It is expected that the first of the new posters will go up on notice boards all over the country during February. The manual on publicity is aimed for publication about the time of the G.A. meetings.

There are about one hundred and twenty churches co-operating in the Wayside Pulpit plan. It is hoped others will join in too and that the effort will prove truly national.

What surprises me as a journalist is that there are church people who hesitate about joining in such publicity campaigns or even any effort to bring our message to the wider world.

I have heard such comments as "People will find us if they want us". "Propaganda campaigns are not in our tradition".

One lady told me lately she felt it was more effective if each church member tried to bring a friend to the services. Church life could only be effectively built up by personal contact.

I would not for a moment question the value of personal contact. But if our efforts are restricted to asking our relatives and friends we shall not make much impact on the community. We want our families and friends in church with us but if our present congregations of thirty and forty are to become sixty and seventy there must be an all out effort.

Quite lately I talked to a newly formed Unitarian group and enquired of those present how they came to Unitarianism.

One friend told how he saw the name Unitarianism mentioned in a book review. This led him to look it up in the

encyclopædia. Finding a group of churches existed, the friend contacted the one nearest his home. Now he is happily attached to this congregation.

Three other people told me how they came to learn of Unitarianism through Mr. P. M. Oliver's broadcast.

Yet another friend explained how he answered an advertisement in an educational paper and through the Postal Mission secured pamphlets. He, too, is now regularly worshipping with a London congregation.

The need is for us to multiply this kind of happening. There are many men and women who are intellectually with us. The tragedy is they do not know about Unitarian and Free Christian churches. Only by spreading our message, securing mention of the work of the churches in the national and local press, and constantly bringing the name "Unitarianism" before people can we hope to draw them into our fellowship.

There is no one way by which it can be done. We must try every way known to us. There must be neither fear of adventure or experiment.

Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman, was a prominent layman in the Universalist Church of America. On an occasion he is reported as saying "I don't mind what they say about me so long as they mention my name".

There is a good deal of truth in this.

Let each church committee now give its mind to how best it can help forward this effort to arouse interest in the Unitarian cause; how it can bring the name Unitarian before its local community.

UNITARIANISM IN GERMANY

LAST week we printed an article by the Rev. Clemens Taesler, a well-known German Unitarian minister and founder of the German Unitarian Association, upon the Association. There are other religious groups in Germany of a free religious character of whom the General Assembly in London have information. One of these is called "The Working-community of free-religious groups". It prints a monthly paper whose motto is "Free be the spirit and faith without compulsion".

We are indebted to Dr. H. J. McLachlan, of Oxford, the chairman of the Overseas Department of the G.A., for the following details, compiled by him mostly from this monthly paper.

The articles are of an anti-clerical, anti-Roman Catholic character. They are in defence of spiritual freedom and aim at the recognition by the State of an "independent world-view". The general tendency of the paper is humanistic.

In the December issue, the Christmas message is given apart from all Christian associations and is derived ultimately from pre-Christian sources: the turn of the year, the return of light, symbolised by the illuminated Christmas tree. The call at Christmas is for a renewal of humanity and service to one's fellows. "What Christianity has not succeeded in doing is to subdue human self-interest, and accomplish the mighty task of creating a religion or outlook based upon feeling for nature and knowledge of nature. Christianity claiming today to be the saviour of culture is not in a position to succeed in doing what must be done to achieve a beautiful future for humanity, because it stands inwardly opposed to the development and forward-striving of modern times and has everywhere lost value as a faith. Only the religion of the free spirit, which unites joy in life with the claims of an ethic, can be the (direction-post)".

Extracts from readers' letters are published and these make it clear that some of the readers think the paper too negative and polemical, whilst others look upon it as a unifying agent amongst Freethinkers which compares favourably with the "weak and washy paper of the Free Christians".

There are book reviews and news items; one of the latter refers to a united conference of free-religious youth held in Offenbach last October.

One piece of news reflects the political-ecclesiastical struggle in Germany. It is reported from the democrat paper *Neuer Vorwarts* of October 22nd. It is to the effect that "West German listeners, who otherwise would not choose to listen to Soviet-German broadcasts, elect on Sunday to listen to the Leipzig station with its Bach concerts, in order not to hear West-German religious programmes. This is the result of the ecclesiastical monopoly of the radio on Sunday —the one quiet day when millions of workers are able to listen—to serious programmes, which on that account ought to be in accordance with the wishes of the listeners and not made dependent upon the monopolistic claim of the Church".

* * * * *

Dr. McLachlan provides a further note on "The German People's Union for Spiritual Freedom". This was founded in October of last year at Wiesbaden, when a conference of groups and individuals interested in freedom of faith and conscience met to consider the defence of their rights to spiritual freedom. They felt themselves threatened by Roman Catholicism and obscurantism.

It is a union for the defence of religious liberty and liberty of conscience; a legal defence union for the protection of freedom of belief, research, teaching in public, social and and private life, and offers defence against threats to freedom from the side of the State, industry or Orthodox Religion.

The need for such an organisation is a commentary of what is taking place in Germany today, namely Roman Catholic and Orthodox Protestant totalitarianism has raised its head and is pursuing a policy of what seems to amount to religious persecution.

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer". 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

HANGING

SIR,—It seems that such of us as wish to see our criminal law made less "worthy of the Anthropophagi", as Romilly said, are "sentimentalists" and that the champions of methods of barbarism are "realists". While other (or should we say "all"?) civilised countries have abolished (1) capital punishment; (2) flogging for attacks on prison officials; and the beating of schoolchildren, and have found that there is a decrease or at any rate no increase in the number of murders or such other offences as judicial torture is supposed to stop, we are still content to listen to policemen and lawyers stating, as they always have stated, unproved or disproved assumptions as if they were facts. It should seem that John Hilton was right when he said that we were animated by a love of cruelty, masquerading as righteous indignation, and that John Bright spoke the truth when he said that we were a nation of savages and ought to be exterminated. The dark places of the soul are full of cruelty.

It has been said that the one-sided theoretic and dogmatic education of the judge and the lawyer result in a lack of co-ordination between theory and practice, and leads to a state of affairs where the judge not only has no understanding of the criminal, but even does not want to understand him. The judge, however, is nothing but the representative of a society that fears that psychological understanding would show the presence within it of exactly the same anti-social instincts as are responsible for the commission of crime. This unconscious identification explains the extraordinary interest that the common man takes in crime and this excessive fear and hatred of the criminal, which make a reasonable treatment of the subject impossible. And so, since we started hanging again, the murder-rate, for the United Kingdom as a whole, has doubled.—Yours,

Felix Holt.

Ballymoney.

ON BEING CHRISTIAN

SIR,—I cannot refrain from adding my comment and protest to the many which you will no doubt receive in answer to Mr. Killick Millard's letter concerning Unitarians' right to claim to be "Christians".

The word "Christian" according to the dictionary means "follower of Christ" and as such Unitarians can proudly claim that privilege.

By our searching for truth we have come to believe that we follow Christ as sincerely if not more clearly than the "Traditional Christian" community.

We try to live as he lived and follow him as he was, not as some later dignitaries pronounced him to be some 300/400 years after his death. The plain truth is that Jesus never founded the "Traditional Christian" faith.

It would seem that the disciples and Paul were not to be included in the "Christian" community for they were not of this "Traditional Christian" community of which Mr. Millard writes. They lived before it was founded.—Yours,

W. Higham.

Patricroft.

"LOOKING ROUND"

Mostly at Unitarian Affairs

THE programme of the Annual Meetings of the General Assembly of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches, to be held this year in London at Gordon Square, is now completed. The meetings will be held from April 18—21. This will be the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of the Assembly. The preacher of the sermon will be Dr. Mortimer Rowe.

On the Wednesday afternoon there will be a special meeting on Publicity and Propaganda. The speaker will be the Rev. G. W. Parkinson, of Doncaster, and the discussion will be opened by the Rev. H. Lismer Short and Mr. F. Johnson. The Essex Hall Lecture will have particular interest this year, it is to be delivered by Dr. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's. The public meeting which is now always a domestic event will be addressed by a team of four speakers, representative of various points of view. On Friday morning there will be a conference on Overseas and Foreign Religious Work, to be addressed by Principal Holt, Dr. J. J. van der Lee, of Holland, and a visiting American. The closing address will be given by the Rev. E. G. Lee.

* * * * *

A film called *The Miracle* is now showing at the Academy Cinema, London. It is an Italian film directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani, playing the leading part of a peasant girl—the only professional player in the film. It has been banned in some districts, apparently because it may be thought to offend Catholic sentiment. On the surface it does, but if I were a Catholic I should find in it a magnificent confirmation of religious faith. The peasant woman, a simple credulous creature meets, as she thinks, St. Joseph on the mountainside. The St. Joseph is a young vagabond, and as a result of the meeting the woman is to have a child. She regards this, credulous, innocent soul that she is, as a miracle. She tells the villagers about it; they jeer at her. She eventually is driven from the village, and gives birth to her child in a church at the top of a mountain. Rossellini with grim realism paints the illusion of it all, at the same time he shows the faith of the peasant woman. I was more impressed by the faith than the illusion, I found that to be the miracle. Incidentally, it is astonishing that most of the critics I have read upon the film, seem to have missed or misunderstood much of the religious symbolism in the picture. Has the time arrived when certain familiar religious symbols are entirely lost on film critics.

"INQUIRER."

"DEAR CONGREGATION"

An Open Letter from Three Students of the Unitarian College, Manchester

DEAR CONGREGATION,

We know! It's raining today; funny how it always rains on Sundays. But that is not all; let us tell you about it. After some years of preaching from the pulpits of our churches we write what will be regarded as the most gigantic grumble THE INQUIRER has ever printed. It is not only a grumble, there is a philosophy here, worked out whilst travelling early Sunday morning to be at some church in a remote part of the country at 10.30 a.m. We even get up in the dark sometimes, a practice we had thought was the prerogative of our accusers who tell us the parson works a two-hour week!

So picture us: brief case in hand, blithely leaving the precincts of the Alma Mater on a cold and wet Sunday morning. The buses are late: why did we not boil the egg for three minutes and chance them being early? The train has not seen central heating since Adam fell. Undaunted we settle in the corner and read our sermon (not, let us whisper, for the first time). The gentleman opposite is dressed for fishing, the two gay young things are off to the Youth Hostel, the lady with the knitting is going to her brother's home, and the couple with the little child are going to see the gliders. We, still undaunted, are going to church!

There it is; a small building, the notice board carries the eloquent advice that voting will take place on the 14th November, 1935! There is evidence that it is a Unitarian Church; the letters are let into the wall on a foundation stone, laid in 1849, invisible from the road. The door, surprisingly enough (it's not always so), is open; where did we smell that smell before?

So here we are: the caretaker silently dusts the pews; optimist as caretakers always are, he dusts them all. A brief nod, as you would to the man who has come to read the gas meter; we scuttle under his silent stare to the vestry. "Good morning, Mr. Martineau, I believe we have seen your picture before". What a delightful array of portraits to remind us of our past traditions.

Service starts at 10.45. No organist at 10.40. No congregation at 10.45. At 10.50 organist arrives, he's obviously hurried, poor man; 10.55, one in choir, two in congregation (you can't see them? One over there in the far corner of a building to hold 250, we mentally note: "You'll have to shout, probably stone deaf").

Service is over—now for it! We know: "You see, it's this rain, they never come when it rains", or "You see, it's too fine, they go off for the day", or "We had the Women's Tea yesterday and they never come twice", or "We're running the pantomime and it was late last night", or "The morning service is always bad". . . .

Let's look in on the evening performance. Late as usual, four in choir and ten in congregation, starts 10 minutes late (drat that organist). One man reads his INQUIRER during prayers; what a valuable part of our tradition is this freedom to "inquire". Dear me, what now? The caretaker is moving coke into the cellar; "Seven days shalt thou labour. . . ." Still, how they enjoyed it; with buoyant step the future builders of the Kingdom of God go out to sleep it off! We're for it again: "The cinemas are open tonight, you know", "Don't attract young people these days", "It's the same for every denomination", "Had our gift sale last night, made £150, packed it was, don't come to church though"; we sadly recall announcing meetings next week for the Y.P.L., the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, the Women's League, a Whist Drive, a Social Evening, and the Football Club is playing the Wesleyans next Saturday . . . ah, well! We quietly collect our books, we almost had to run down the aisle to catch the congregation before "it got away". We miss the bus, we miss the train, we arrive back to a cold supper late at night. We're not filled with any spirit, we crawl into bed (we shall be told in lectures how to put it across), we sleep. We're not complaining, but why don't they forget those banal excuses; but then, it might be our fault. Are you surprised when we find the frankness of that certain man refreshing—"God bless my soul, I was so interested in my pools I almost forgot the service"? So it goes on . . . "I remember when this church was full to capacity every Sunday, we couldn't get 'em in". (Our silent comment is "We still can't").

But it is worth it and we laugh at ourselves sometimes. Oh, yes, there's the organist who chooses the hymns—"Praise my soul the King of Heaven" and "Hope on, hope on, the golden days—are not as yet a-dawning"!

Best wishes,

Yours, etc.,

Ronald McGraw, Eric Wild, Keith C. Treacher.

THE INQUIRER

All letters and manuscripts for the Editor must reach the Office not later than Monday morning for publication the same week. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

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NEWS REVIEW

Cheltenham.—Among much that is satisfactory, this church has to record grief at the year's opening, in the deaths of a former caretaker and his wife within a week of each other. After splendid service for 32 years, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lewis retired from office some time before the war, and received a presentation of a clock with Westminster chimes and a cheque. Rather later they celebrated their Golden Wedding, which was marked by congratulations after Service one Sunday evening and the gift of flowers. Mr. Lewis was the oldest member of the congregation, having joined the Sunday School as a very small child and attended ever since, reading weekly every word of THE INQUIRER.

QUAKERS AND THE THREAT TO PEACE

An appeal to the Prime Minister

Two leading British Quakers—Lady Parmoor, widow of a former Labour Lord President of the Council and Mr. Gerald Bailey, an ex-Director of the National Peace Council—acting with the support of the Executive body of the Society of Friends in Britain, addressed to the Prime Minister before Christmas a personal appeal for a fresh British initiative in the cause of world peace. Their letter which asked that the announcement of a Russian atomic explosion "should be made the occasion for a renewed effort to secure an international agreement precluding the destructive use of atomic energy" and to promote a general accord between the major powers, pleaded for a more understanding consideration of Russian objections to the full proposals of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, especially in their bearing on the economic development of the Soviet Union, and urged an active attempt to find a compromise in face "of the grave threat to the world contained in an atomic armaments race".

The letter went on to press for the acceptance by governments and peoples "in face of a threat to human survival" of "the moral obligation to reach agreement on the abolition of all weapons of mass destruction" but recognising that armaments are only "symptoms of a deeper distrust between Russia and the Western democracies" urged "the necessity to tackle the problem of East-West relations at every major point of difference, if not simultaneously, at least as part of a single plan to relax tension, promote confidence and establish a true and stable peace".

Mr. Attlee's reply to the letter which was sent through the United Nations department of the Foreign Office re-stated the Government's view that since the United Nations majority proposals constitute "the minimum basis" which all the technical experts agree to be necessary for "really effective control" of atomic energy, an agreement falling short of the "operation and management of the various processes by an international authority" . . . "would not only fail to provide the security required but would be so inadequate as to be dangerous because it might delude the peoples into thinking that atomic energy was being controlled when in fact it was not". Referring to the proposal for the abolition of all weapons of mass destruction, the reply stressed the special difficulties of the control of biological weapons and argued that as long as agreement on atomic energy control is unattainable "it would seem to be little use trying to reach agreement" in the other field. On the general question of relations between Russia and the West, the Foreign Office replied that since the Soviet Government's record indicates "that they are dominated by the Marxist theory of an inevitable clash between the two systems into which the world is divided and that they will leave no stone unturned to exploit western economic and political weaknesses", it would be presumptuous "to suppose that personal contact at even the highest level would, of itself, put an end to our difficulties". "The Government", concluded the Foreign Office reply, "will however, continue to watch for any possibility of improving the situation. They share the opinion that there is no reason why the differences between the Soviet Union and the West should not be reconciled by peaceful means and they will neglect no method which seems to offer any hope of achieving this end".

London: Essex Church.—The 15th anniversary of the Rev. John Ballantyne's ministry at Essex Church brought an especially large congregation on the last Sunday in January. The occasion was marked by a special thanksgiving for all the help given, since the war, enabling repairs and renovations to be effected to both interior and fabric of the Church.

Mrs. Martineau mentioned how stained glass windows had been repaired, new flooring laid in church and schoolroom, the organ overhauled and new pipes installed, improvements made to lighting, and new railings fixed outside. All these things had added to the beauty of their place of worship and for which they gave thanks to God.

The Rev. John Kielty, Secretary of the G.A., followed with a short address in which he recalled the part played by Essex Church in the history of Unitarian Free Christian Churches. He affirmed that the spirit which inspired Theophilus Lindsey lived on in the work they were doing and in the witness Essex Church was still upholding. The minister preached, taking as his text two lines from one of his own hymns:

"Church of the Golden Heritage
Man's vaster vision too is thine."

The Church, vestry and schoolroom were all beautifully decorated with flowers and at the close of the Service the worshippers were invited to go over the Church premises. Special appreciation was shown of the choir vestry, now oak-panelled as the result of a gift from Mr. R. P. Jones, from whose bombed house the wood was saved. The new lighting effects enable the stained glass windows and wood carving in the Sanctuary to be more clearly seen, and give the whole church a much brighter appearance.

Altogether, it was a very great day in the life of Essex Church, the congregation of which hopes to still further increase its strength in the present year.

JOHN HENRY WEATHERALL

The following is the summary of an address given by the Rev. Eric Putin, at a Memorial Service held at West Grove Unitarian Church, Cardiff, on Sunday, January 22. The Rev. G. H. Weatherall was a member of the congregation.

John Henry Weatherall, Master of Arts in the University of Oxford, died on Sunday, January 15, in his 81st year. He served the cause of Unitarian Religion with grace and distinction for 42 years. He was called to the ministry of two of our leading churches, Bank Street, Bolton, 1904-14, and Essex Church, London, 1915-30; he is remembered by many of the older generation of South Wales Unitarians, when between 1898-1904 he ministered at Park-y-Velvet Chapel, Carmarthen and taught as Professor of Hebrew and Hellenistic Greek in the Presbyterian College there.

John Henry Weatherall was called, in 1931, to follow Dr. L. P. Jacks and a famous roll of Scholars and Divines as Principal of Manchester College, Oxford.

He was called to these dignities and high offices by the recognition of his high spiritual merit. He was not endowed with a physique that forced preferment; birth gave him no hereditary right; nor was he a popular controversialist. It was his lot to come at the end of a great era, to sit at the feet of great God-conscious masters, Dr. Drummond, Phillip Wicksteed, Dr. Estlin Carpenter, and having drunk to the full of their inspiration to have handed that inspiration to a generation not privileged to know their greatness. He was an inspired teacher and preacher in the tradition of Wicksteed and Estlin Carpenter.

I cannot close this all too brief and insufficient tribute without speaking of a personal experience, a bond of which neither he nor I spoke of since. I had cause to feel resentful of a rule that had been made and approached him upon it, we both lost patience and parted very angry. After breakfast, a tap came upon the door of my room, it was John Henry Weatherall come to bring peace and reinstate friendship. It was an unforgettable exercise of humility that has made me very proud to have been his student, his friend, and in these last days, his minister.

CALENDAR

SUNDAY, February 5th, 1950

ABERDARE, Highland Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JACOB DAVIS.
ABERDEEN, Un. Church, Skene St., 11 and 6, Rev. L. BAKER SHORT.
ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11, Mr. I. Ap NICHOLAS.
ACCRINGTON, Unitarian Free Church, Oxford St., 10.45 and 6, Rev. ERIC PHILLIPS.
AINSWORTH, Un. Chapel, Knowsley Rd., 11 and 3, Rev. BENJAMIN GILL.
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. VALLANCE.
ANSDELL. (See Lytham St. Annes.)
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Richmond St., 6.30, Rev. C. P. SCOTT.
ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Rd., 11 and 6.30, Mr. J. MATHER.

BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. WIARD.
BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Av., 11.30 and 7, Rev. Dr. A. L. AGNEW.
BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary St., 11.30 and 7, Rev. Dr. R. WILDE.
BESSELS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Ch., 11, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
BILLINGSHURST, Free Church, South St., 11.15, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.
BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Ch., Bessborough Rd., 6.30, Mr. J. L. OATES.
BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah, Broad St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON STUART.
BIRMINGHAM, Moseley, Unitarian Church, Yardley Wood Rd., 6.30, Mr. C. R. HUDSON.
BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. R. LEE.
BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK COLEMAN.
BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Rd., 11 and 6.30, Supply.
BOLTON, Bank St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. GORDON DAVIES.
BOLTON, Halliwell Rd., Free Ch., 10.45 and 2.30, Mr. IRWIN HODGSON.
BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Rd., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. L. TOSELAND.
BOSTON (Lincs.), Spain Lane, Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. CHAS. SIMPSON.
BOURNEMOUTH, Un. Ch., West Hill Rd., 11, Rev. F. MUNFORD.
BRADFORD, Broadway Av., 2.45 and 6.30, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS.
BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK BULLOCK.
BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampiet St., 11, Rev. W. TOPPING and Teachers, 6.30, Rev. J. W. LEE.
BRIDPORT, Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES.
BRIGHTON, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYDE.
BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES.
BRISTOL, Oakfield Rd., Clifton, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES EASTON.
BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar St., 3, Supply.
BURY, Bank St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. MAW.
BURY, Chesham Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. SCOTT JOHNSTON.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate Street Chapel, 6.30, Supply.
BUXTON, Hartington Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. DYER.

CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Ch., Emmanuel Rd., 11 and 6, Rev. H. STEWART CARTER.
CARDIFF, The West Grove Un. Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC PUTIN.
CARLISLE, Unitarian Church, Lorne St., 2.15, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. W. J. CARTER.
CHATHAM, Unitarian Church, Hamond Hill, 3, Br. ERIC RAMAGE.
CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, 11, Study Service, 6.30, Rev. BARBARA THOMAS.
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. H. WILLIAMSON.
CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. STANLEY PETERS.
CHOWBENT CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. GLYN EVANS.
CORK, Prince's St., 11.30 and (occ.), 7, Rev. W. A. WEATHERALL.
COWLEY, Staffs., Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. HAWORTH.
COVENTRY, New Great Meeting House, Holyhead Rd., 11 (Children's Church), 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES.
CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech St., 6.30, Supply.

CREWKERNE, Un. Ch., Hermitage St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANCIS TERRY.
CROYDON, Free Christian Church, Wellesley Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. P. CHALK.

DEAN ROW, 10.45, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY. STYAL, 6, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY.
DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL.
DERBY, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. CONSTANCE HARRIS.
DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Rev. A. PEACOCK.
DONCASTER, Free Christian Ch., Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON.
DOVER, Adrian Street Unitarian Church. 1st and 3rd Sundays, 6.30. Feb. 5th, Rev. DENBIGH HILTON.
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS.
DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS.
DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. S. P. WHITEHOUSE.
DUNDEE, Un. Ch., Constitution Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT WHITFORD.

EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. TAVENER.
EVESHAM, Oat Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. PRIESTLEY PHILLIPS.
EXETER, George's Chapel, South St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. B. FRASER.

GAINSBOROUGH, Unitarian Ch., Trinity St., 2.30 and 6, Supply.
GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street Un. Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER REID, 7, Mr. WM. D. REID.
GLOSSOP, Fitzalan St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. G. WOODFORD.
GLOUCESTER, Barton Street Churh, 6.30, Rev. BRIAN GOLLAND.
GODALMING, Meadrow Chapel, 6.30, Rev. G. MABEL BEAMES.
GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Supply.

HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. LEAR.
HALIFAX, Northgate End, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
HASTINGS, Free Chris. Ch., South Terrace, 11, Rev. DENBIGH HILTON, 6.30, Mrs. HILTON.
HINCKLEY, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. C. BARTLETT.
HINDLEY, Presbyterian Ch., off Market St., 10.45, Mr. BOWDEN, 6.30, Rev. F. KENWORTHY.
HOLLYWOOD, Kingswood, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. A. GORTON.
HORSHAM, Worthing Rd., 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.
HORWICH, Unitarian Free Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
HUDDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam St., 11, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS.
HUNSLET, Unitarian Church, Joseph St., 6.30, Mr. A. G. WHITTAKER.
HULL, Park Street Church (Unitarian), 11, School Service, 6.30, Rev. RALPH PHILIPSON.

ILMINSTER, Old Meeting, East St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. BEER.
IPSWICH, Unitarian Ch., Friars St., 11, Supply.

KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
KIDDERMINSTER, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. WHITAKER.
KNUTSFORD, Brook St. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STANLEY MOSSOP.

LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. L. HALL.
LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
LEICESTER, Narborough Rd., 11, Junior Ch., 6.30, Rev. E. G. GREEN.
LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, East Bond St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. LEONARD MASON.
LEIGH, Unitarian Church, Twist Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. PIPKIN.
LETCHWORTH, Vasanta Hall, Gernon Walk, 6.30, Local Arrangements.
LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Rev. Dr. H. W. STEPHENSON.
LINCOLN, High St., Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. R. W. KEMSHALL.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. A. GARRARD.
LIVERPOOL, Bootle Free Church, 6.30, Supply.
LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Mill St., 6.30, Rev. J. KEIR MURREN.
LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 6.30, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART.
LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Rd., Everton, 6.30, Supply.
LIVERPOOL, Hope St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. SIDNEY SPENCER.
LIVERPOOL, Ullet Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. REDFERN.
LONDON, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. W. M. LONG.
LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. A. J. LONG.
LONDON, Brixton, Effra Rd., 11, Rev. E. G. LEE.
LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8, 11, 3.30 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN BALLANTYNE.
LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.30, Mr. F. LEWIS.
LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN CROFT.
LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. W. H. CORDELL.
LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. E. HALE.
LONDON, Highgate Hill, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. G. J. G. GRIEVE.
LONDON, Ilford, High Rd., 6.30, Mr. R. REECE WALKER.
LONDON, Islington, Un. Ch., Upper St., Preston Hall, 7, Rev. J. HINKINS.
LONDON, Kilburn, Unitarian Chr. Ch., Quex Rd., 11, Rev. V. FOX, 7, Junior Church.
LONDON, Lewisham, Un. Ch., High St., 11, Rev. T. L. JONES, 6.30, Rev. E. G. LEE.
LONDON, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Rd., Knotts Green, 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK.
LONDON, Mansford Street Church, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DUMBLE.
LONDON, Newington Green, Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Miss M. GRIFFITHS.
LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Rd., 11, Rev. ETHEL KAY.
LONDON, Rhyl St., Kentish Town, 6.30, Rev. GORDON BEVERLEY.
LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. W. C. NEWTON.
LONDON, Theistic Ch., 18 Great Marlborough St., W.1, 11, Rev. HELEN PHILLIPS.
LONDON, Wandsworth, Un. Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. W. M. LONG, 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Church, at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 6, 1st and 3rd Sundays, Rev. T. L. JONES.
LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Rd., 6.30, Rev. G. J. G. GRIEVE.
LOUGHBOROUGH, Victoria St., 6.30, Mr. T. GREGORY.
LYTHAM ST. ANNES (ANSDELL), Unitarian Church, Channing Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. CRABTREE.

MACCLESFIELD, King Edward St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. L. SHORT.
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Ch., Market Buildings, 6.30, Br. ERIC RAMAGE.
MANCHESTER, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, Blackley, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. K. SHERRATT.
MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
MANCHESTER, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.15 and 6.30, Supply.
MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTIER.
MANCHESTER, Mill Street Free Church, Bradford, 3, Mr. R. S. SALT.
MANCHESTER, Monton Ch., Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. L. CLARKE.
MANCHESTER, Pendleton, Un., Cross Lane, 6.30, Mr. F. G. MASON.
MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. C. A. PIPER.
MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. D. FOOTE.
MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Rd., Chorlton-Cum-Hardy, 6.30, Mr. A. K. ROSS.
MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Un. Church, Brownley Rd., Benchill, 6.30, Pastor J. S. HALLAM.
MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINN.
MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Ch., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES.
MIDDLESBROUGH, Christ Ch., Unitarian, Corporation Rd., 6.15, Supply.
MIDDLETON, Old Road Chapel, 6, Rev. J. EVANS.
MORECAMBE, see Lancaster.
MORETONHAMPSTEAD, Cross Chapel, 3, Rev. C. G. TOONE.
MOSSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Rd., 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. WADDINGTON.

NANTWICH, Old Chapel, Supply.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BARNES.
NEWCASTLE, Staffs, Unitarian Old Meeting House, 6.30, Rev. W. J. MCELDOWNEY.
NEWCHURCH (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. F. SOKELL.
NEWPORT, I.o.W., Un. Ch., High St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. CHANDLER.
NEWTON ABBOT, Albany St., 6.30, Rev. C. G. TOONE.
NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road Church, 11, Rev. A. E. MOBBS.
NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY.
NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BOLAM.

OLDHAM, Lord Street Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL.
OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, Rev. Dr. ALFRED HALL.

PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH.
PADIHAM, Nazareth Unitarian Ch., Knight's Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. HILL-WAREING.
PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Centre, Houndiscombe Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. KERSLEY.
POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill St., 6.30, Rev. ERNEST PENN.
PORTSMOUTH, Friends' Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, Mr. STURGES.
PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church St., 6.30, Rev. ALUN WILLIAMS.
PUDSEY, Un. Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. T. BRETT DAVIES.

RAWTENSTALL, Unitarian Ch., Bank St., 10.45 and 6, Mr. WM. MILLAR.
RINGWOOD, Hants., The Meeting House, 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays, 11, 2nd and 4th Sundays, 6.30, Rev. Dr. J. C. FLOWER.
ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
ROCHDALE, Blackwater St., 10.30 and 6, Mr. W. LLOYD.

SALE, Atkinson Rd., 11, Rev. C. A. PIPER.
SCARBOROUGH, Un. Ch., Westborough, 10.30, Mr. T. B. KETTLE.
SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. DAVIES.
SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. D. T. EVANS.
SHEFFIELD (Attercliffe), 6.30, Rev. G. S. WHITBY.
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SHREWSBURY, High St., Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. LEWIS.
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SOUTHAMPTON, Friends Meeting House, Ordnance Road, 6, Mr. C. F. SWEET.
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SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. BEETLES.
STALYBRIDGE, Un. Ch., Canal St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. EVANS.
ST. HELENS, Boundary Rd., St. Helen Workshops for the Blind, 6.30, Supply.
STOCKPORT, Un. Ch., St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Wellington St., 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARTIN.
STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ROSALIND LEE.
SUNDERLAND, Bridge St., 11, Family Worship, 6.30, Mr. F. J. HAMBLIN.
SWANSEA, Pennard, Free Christian Meeting House, 11, ——, 6.30, ——.
SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. BASIL VINEY.
SWINTON, Swinton Hall Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. H. SMITH.

TAUNTON, Mary Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN UNSWORTH.
TAVISTOCK, The Abbey Chapel, 3.15, Rev. MARGARET BARR.
TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Rd., 6.30, Rev. G. KERRY.
TODMORDEN, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON.
TORQUAY, Unity Ch., Montpellier Rd., 6.30, Rev. C. W. TOWNSEND.
TROWBRIDGE, Conigre Unitarian Ch., 11 and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS.
WAKEFIELD, Westgate Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. SHAW.

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RAYMOND V. HOLT, B.Litt., M.A.(Oxon.)
Principal of the Unitarian College, Manchester

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WARWICK, High Street Church, 3, Rev. T. J. JONES.
WATFORD, Friends House, Derby Rd. (by permission), 7.30, February 26, Rev. JOHN KELLY.
WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road Church, 6.30, Mr. IBBSTON.
WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. DAVID WILLIAMS.
WHITBY, Flowergate Old Chapel, No Service.
WOLVERHAMPTON, All Souls' Church, 6.30, Rev. LESLIE KEMP.
WOODHALL SPA, Mill Lane, 2.30, Rev. CHAS. SIMPSON.

YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Rev. G. S. WOODS.

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PERTH, Unitarian Free Christian Fellowship. Secker's Hall, 421 Wellington St., 11, Hon. Minister, R. H. FEATHERSTONE. Phone: W. 2875.
SYDNEY, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15 Francis Street (off College St.), 7.15, Rev. J. B. TOMKIN. Church Telephone F.A. 8913.

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